

Worlds of Me and You by orphan_account

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Summary:

It began as most troubles always did: Dustin Henderson.

Because of that brat, both Steve and Jonathan are literally tossed into the most unwanted and unfortunate adventure of their lives. They are dragged from dimension to dimension, somehow meeting some colourful characters along the way. The more the pair travel, the more Steve just ends up staring adoringly at Jonathan. Jonathan, on the other hand, gets battered and bruised and very bloody confused 'cause why in the world is Steve fucking Harrington becoming the definition of 'heart-eyed'.

Worlds of Me and You

Author's Note:

Day 3: Stranger Fusion!

I am actually a day behind. This fic took forever to write. But I like it. It was fun. It was basically a gatecrashed party of fandoms oml. That aside, Day 4 will be up once I sleep AND it will be a bit shorter because Jesus Criminy, I cannot write this much each and every time. I will go blind or something.

1. Kingsman

It began as most troubles always did: Dustin Henderson. Steve and Jonathan were in the middle of constructing the winding path for their strange friendship (Jonathan finds it weird because Steve is suddenly affectionate and caring – he blames it on head trauma from fighting against Billy) when the old walkie-talkie system in Will's room sprang to life. A shock of static and white noise had rattled both boys from their awkward silence with Jonathan shuffling nervously. Phones and radio devices did that to him, driving a nervous tick into his system.

“You gonna get that?” Steve asks all the while staring down the dark hallway of the Byers' household, leading towards Will's bedroom.

Guys... Co—... I need... Mi—... —cus...

Broken and stuttering cuts of an indescribably familiar voice crackle and sound from the bedroom, ramming panic down the throats of the two teenagers, forcing them to scramble towards the bedroom.

There's something do—Come In! I'm—Upside— Cast—yers

They drop everything and run. They force open doors, pick up bats and snag the radio device. They scare Jonathan's dog, they trample through the undergrowth and they scream for Dustin, *Dustin!* And when they get to Castle Byers, puffed out and red in the face, they

see nothing. There is no curly head of hair, no irritable smile, no obnoxious cap.

Steve and Jonathan glance at each other, concern riddled on their faces as they move to scan between the trees. Steve picks up the courage to lift up the cloth covering the entrance of the tree fort, only to stumble back in fright and bump into a worried Jonathan.

“What’s wrong?” he asks, fingers curling tightly as he grasps Steve’s shoulders to steady him. Steve cranes his neck and stares perplexed and troubled. He doesn’t seem to be able to form words so Jonathan nudges him to the side and peers into the mess of branches and wood himself.

Within the fort, where a mountain of pillows and blankets usually sits peacefully, is a gaping hole. Jonathan shuffles closer, peering into the abysmal darkness beyond and notices a teal glow, fading and ebbing with the softest hint of grey. Steve’s infuriating questioning filters from the outside, but Jonathan is enraptured by the eerie beauty of this portal, oblivious to the thick shadowy hands circling the edges of the fort. It snags Jonathan’s denim jacket just as he turns to speak to Steve and drags him away.

A startled yelp catches Steve’s attention and he dives into the fort, grasping at Jonathan’s hand as he struggles and claws at the edge of the portal, eyes desperate and searching.

“I leave you alone for a second, Byers. A fucking sec—“

His complaint is severed by the powerful tug of *something* within the portal. Steve’s eyes widen in shock, in fear seeing that he is slipping closer and closer to the edge, that Jonathan is swallowed further and further by that swirling mass of greys and navy.

A sharp tug later and –

Steve awakens upside down to the glorious sight of Jonathan Byers with his blonde hair styled and swept away from his face, a deep frown latching to his lips, all the while running his fingers through what appeared to be a tiny Schnauzer. (Damn, does he clean up nicely.)

“Harrington get your ass up. I have no fucking idea what is going on,” Jonathan frantically whispers, his furrowed brows the only sign of his distress.

Steve is distracted by the bespoke suit hugging every angle and curve of Jonathan’s body.

But the most alluring feature? Those fucking thick-framed glasses that are driving Steve nuts. He doesn’t even know why. Steve is still not concentrating until Jonathan unkindly jabs at his side, grumbling all the while. Steve whistles in appreciation.

Jonathan glares in retaliation. And just to be the prick that he can be, Steve grins back at him, all smug and mischievous. He latches onto Jonathan’s ankle, accidentally bumping into the heel of the shoe which causes a calamitous chain reaction.

For a moment, nothing happens: Jonathan and the tiny dog looking down at Steve, Steve with his hand around Jonathan’s ankle grinning up at him stupidly.

Then there is a click, the unmistakable slide of metal and Steve is mere millimetres from being sliced by a fucking daggered tip now protruding from the shoe. The pair is stunned to silence and Steve scrambles to move away from the blade, stumbling to a standing position.

“When the fuck did you upgrade your wardrobe?” The words tumble out of Steve’s mouth clumsily, an awkward slip of pitch giving away his momentary scare.

“What the hell did you do?”

Jonathan looks equally confused and stops petting the damn dog. It yaps in his arms, wriggling and struggling to pull free.

From a distance, they hear a sharp whistle and the crunch of dry leaves alongside heavy footfalls. A bald man clad in a tartan green jacket briskly steps towards them, a hefty clipboard clutched in his arms.

“What’re ya boys doin’ out ‘ere?” The heavy Scottish accent piles the

surprises onto both Steve and Jonathan's minds. Steve, now standing and brushing off the dirt from his back, smiles tentatively at the man.

"Sorry sir, we sort of got lost in the—"

"Lost? Have ya lost ya mind?" The harsh voice cuts in once more, mirth lacing into the syllables.

"You haven't been lost since the day I brought you in, Steve," another voice, undeniably British, closes in from behind the pair. They turn hastily only to see another man, dressed similarly to Jonathan (and Steve, not that he paid attention). This one is very much not bald with a ridiculous explosion of hair that would rival Steve's.

"I—What? We know you? Jonny boy, weren't we just—But what?" Steve's mind races at a mile a minute, memories of an eternal free fall catching in his throat. Jonathan notices and spares a worried glance at Steve before chiming in.

"We just fell through the portal. It didn't look like it was the one that led to the Upside Down. Steve calm your ass down," Jonathan explains and so casually throws in his thoughts. Steve's breathing catches again, this time at the confidence and certainty that rolled off Jonathan's form – something rarely seen.

"We had received some static call from my brother's friend, Dustin, through a walkie-talkie and ran out to find him considering the shit storm from last year."

There is a moment where no one talks before the two strangers glance at each other.

"Now, here is what gets strange," the one with the Steve-challenging hair starts, "We are both very familiar with you. Steve Harrington is the one who spends too long working on his hair in the mirror who I, Harry Hart, recruited for the position of Lancelot. And you, Jonathan Byers, is the boy with the soft voice and incorrigible use of curses that Merlin over there tucked under his wing as his protégé."

"And ya know how ta use our shoes."

They all look at the single glint of metal from Jonathan's shoe.

“By accide—“Steve is caught by something and yanked backwards, landing on his front with a painful thud. He desperately gasps Jonathan’s name, knowing that what had grabbed him had also taken the other boy earlier.

Freaking out as he feels sharp sticks and rocks scraping across the material of his clothing, Steve clutches the loose and decomposing flora on the ground, hopelessly scrabbling away from whatever had tightened around his leg.

Steve looks up sees the man, Harry, sprinting towards him, demonstrating graceful agility as he dodges and twists his way through the thick woods. A gun is lowered by his side, safety off, ready to fire.

In front of him is Jonathan, still clutching onto the dog that is now growling and barking frantically, an arm stretched out, grasping at thin air.

Steve then feels a petrifying drop from beneath his feet as the land gives way to what seemed like a tunnelling darkness. He is pretty sure he screams and that it drowns out the equally terrified cry from Jonathan who had stupidly gone after him.

With that fucking dog.

1. Supernatural

This time, Steve groans before awakening, fully aware of the trouble they were in. He jolts, immediately shoving himself into a standing position and regretting it instantly as a swimming dizziness clouds his mind.

Grasping the closest solid object doesn’t work for Steve, seeing that it was a bloody coat hanger and it tips over with Steve to land heavily on the floor.

Almost instantaneously, a light flickers on in the room to reveal a shitty motel – walls with bubbled and peeling paint, floors a stained and tragic mess. Two giants are stood at the opposite end of the room, two humanoid shadows to Steve whose vision was speckled

with dark spots and blinking stars.

For a few seconds, Steve gurgles, trying to string words together to ask about Jonathan. In his mind, he hopes and he prays that the boy is fine, somewhere in the room and *unharm*ed. (He's pretty sure this level of repressed loving started when Jonathan single-handedly dragged both a stubborn Nancy and relentless Steve out of the Demogorgon's biting range, all the while opening himself to attacks)

With his vision clearing, he sees that the two individuals are holding shotguns and—*Are those fucking spray bottles?* Steve immediately raises his hands and takes hasty steps backwards, all the while letting loose a massive jumble of 'Oh Jesus Christ. Dude put that—What the hell did—Please don't tell me you killed Jonny?" before bumping into a rather solid and warm mass.

Also taller than him.

When the fuck did people get so tall?

He turns around slowly to see an emotionless (and simultaneously unimpressed) face staring back at him. Crystalline blue eyes drill into his very soul, judging, scrutinizing, digging and lingering on every single sin he'd committed.

"You don't belong here."

The thin lips of the stony face moves, monotone syllabus slipping past.

"What the hell does that mean, Cas?" A gruff voice groans from behind Steve. Steve is completely and utterly lost, worried about two missing kids now and wants everything to just calm down.

"Someone tell me where the fuck is Jona—"

The lights flicker and Steve wants to run, to hide because *he knows what it means. That thing is here – he cannot bring this torment on these men.*

There is the flutter of bird wings before a disoriented and windswept Jonathan Byers materialises next to him, scaring the living shit out of

him instead, pulling an incredibly manly cry from him.

“Fucking Byers.”

Steve is about to curse up a storm, demanding to know what just happened, but Jonathan’s equally terrified expression forces him into silence. Like before, Jonathan clutches a small creature in his arms; this time it is a curly-haired cat, eyes closed in slumber.

“I heard you speaking and then—Did I just teleport?”

An awed expression opens onto Jonathan’s face. (If he wasn’t so lost, Steve would have grabbed that adorable face and kissed it. Then stepped back and prayed that he didn’t meet Jonathan’s fist. Again.)

The two giants behind Steve start fussing. Once complains about fucking *asshole angels* while the other demands some sort of answer from ‘Cas’. The only other figure in the room just takes slow steps towards Jonathan, eyebrows furrowed in confusion and head tilted. Much like a cat.

“I haven’t seen a fledgeling in eons.”

Steve glances between a bewildered Jonathan and a ‘Cas’ in a beige trench coat.

A smooth and baritone voice cuts from somewhere in the room.

“A what? Cas, I thought you said there weren’t any of them left.” (Turns out super-tall-and-floppy-haired had said that while still-tall-and-unimpressed waves his arms around, obviously not comprehending whatever was going on.)

“A fledgeling. A baby angel, as you may say.”

Jonathan’s eyebrows shoot up into his hairline and Steve finds himself spluttering with bursts of giggles. Jonathan, an angel. As angelic Jonathan was to Steve, God was screwed up to make an *angel* whose first word and only words were curses.

For some reason, Steve doesn’t seem to be able to take a break and his emotions are basically stuck between panic, surprise and

overwhelming adoration. This time, he is thrown back to bouts of panicking because the lights intensify, glowing a blinding white.

That has never happened before.

His attention is caught by the shadows on the wall – One feature explainable and the other not. It was a clear outline of Jonathan, from his sharp shoulders to his thin waist (Don't ask Steve how he sees this and he will not punch you.)

But what is utterly ineffable are the pair of massive wings spread wide across the walls.

Jonathan himself appears startled and jerks towards the side, the wings following his every move. He clutches the cat closer to his body, trying to get away, to leave it behind. The lights immediately dim and a soft 'I'm sorry, little one' is whispered, laced with the warmth of ethereal grace, immediately calming Jonathan.

If Steve wasn't gone for this boy when he was in a suit, my god, he was absolutely lost in the forest for Jonathan Byers now.

Just as Cas reaches for Jonathan, attempting to push two fingertips to his forehead, an umbra of slithering hands enclose Jonathan's shadow, gripping at his wings and jerking, pulling pained cries from the boy's lips.

The three men spring into action, one pointing the gun at Jonathan's form only to be forcefully yanked back by Steve, who now wrestled for control. There was no way Jonathan would be fucking shot. Not over his dead body.

This left Super-Tall to yell at Cas, who dropped his arms and let two dangerously sharp daggers fall into his hands. Jonathan's apparent wings struggle and twist hopelessly, his frame slowly sliding towards the wall where an ugly, gaping hole had started to grow, swallowing the wall like a black hole.

When Steve is grabbed he prays, shadowed arms twisting around his torso and pulling with the force to throw him backwards, crashing into what he thought would be the wall – but *nothingness*.

The last thing he sees is the shocked faces of three giants, two with mouths agape, the last, Cas, with the faintest outline of greater, wider wings, spread out and curled around the others.

1. The Lord of the Rings (Ish)

Steve stays awake this time. He feels himself falling from the sky, landing with elbows and knees knocked into moss lined stone stairs, slipping, tumbling and grunting as he rolls down.

Jonathan lands unconscious beside him, scrapes and bruises marring his pale features, angry red handprints encircling his neck. (Steve, again, does not realise the lump of feathers resting by Jonathan's side, frantically nudging and pecking Jonathan's jacket) Steve closes his eyes on this sight, pain and fear consuming his very thoughts, a soft whisper for Jonathan on his lips.

Gentle fingers shake his shoulders, worried voices of fairies tinker in his ears.

He returns to the land of the conscious with the slow stroking of fingers through his hair. It's comforting. The fingers card through strand by strand, much like his mother did when he was but a baby to the world. Steve blinks his eyes open to see an exhausted Jonathan.

Even battered, beaten up and seemingly drained of all energy, Steve still finds this boy utterly breathtaking. He doesn't even know when it started. He could swear he spent his day hating and waiting for the right moment to shove the boy into some locker, trip him up or pull some other nasty thing on him. *He definitely hears the phantom shattering of the camera and his heart still pangs with guilt for that.*

But right here, staring up at the pale boy whose side profile was illuminated by a soft glow, whose hair was decorated in flowers and leaves, whose hair was ruffled and laced with the breeze, Steve could swear that nothing more *beautiful* than this boy existed. He looks almost elvish, Steve thought, eyes picking up the slightly pointed ears, the feminine slope of his jaw, the pink tint of his cheeks and lips.

Steve did not ever remember Jonathan looking like this.

On Jonathan's shoulder perches a great golden bird, strands of fire and fury tickling Steve's skin with a comforting warmth. The bird watches Steve.

Forcing himself to at least glance at the room, (it is a tragedy to Steve, having to look away from Jonathan Byers for that long) Steve notices that it was of equal beauty and tranquillity. Everything was open, staring far into the lush foliage of the valley. Dimmed orbs of light linger prettily around this open room, illuminating everything in a light orange tint.

Serenity is interrupted by the clashing of metal and the violent ripping of plant roots from the soil. Jonathan flinches and gazes worriedly at a wooden door, decorated with Celtic patterns in silver and gold.

Peaceful silence is tortured by the sudden cracking of wood, splinters shattering into the air, threatening to pierce anything soft nearby. Steve can see Jonathan's breathing speed up. The boy stands and blocks Steve's line of sight to the door with his body, shielding him from whatever was coming.

Hope is halted, restrained by cruel chains and provoked by a tendril of fire and hatred as a tidal wave of darkness floods the room, carrying fairy-like soldier into the room, their hair a golden hue matted with blood, their faces a milky white, ashened with death.

But then it all just stops.

"Jonathan? Steve? Dustin?"

A small almost whispered voice echoes through everything. It has no place, no origin and no end.

Eleven.

Jonathan screams her name and turns, so scared his hand shook in Steve's (he doesn't know when he clutched it), so brave with the burning need to survive in his eyes. The bird vanishes.

As does Eleven's voice.

The hands continue to move at a rapid-fire pace again, strangling and choking the boys, drowning them as they force their way through another unfathomable depth.

1. The Last of Us

Jonathan doesn't wake up.

Steve knows that he is still alive, soft breathing puffing from his nose, the shallow raising of the chest. Steve knows that he is just tired, shoulders slumped making him hunch in on himself, familiar darkened circles under his closed eyes. He had freaked out enough to confirm Jonathan's livelihood with the said boy blinking blearily and swatting his hands away, mumbling all the while about the importance of sleep. It was endearing and Steve finds that he wouldn't mind seeing this every morning.

But even with his suddenly love-struck heart, Steve cannot stop himself from worrying.

Something was coming and he cannot leave.

He cannot move from this place. Not with Jonathan so deeply asleep, so drained as he curled into Steve's side. He knows something is wrong – he is in the middle of New York but the streets are empty – abandoned. There are rusted cars littered throughout the street, tufts of grass sprouting from their open doors.

Steve knows that this is New York because he had been here once. (Not that he needed the experience. Once glamorous signs screaming the city's name were crumbling and falling off dilapidated skyscrapers.) He could see the great neon signs adorning each and every possible surface, bright lights and shining stars strutting down the streets. He can imagine himself back here, arms curled protectively around *his* boy's lithe form, them laughing together as they weave their way to Broadway. He tells himself he will take Jonathan – when they get home, grow up and leave Hawkins behind.

Where the actual fuck were the people?

They are seated by some street sign, leaning against the pole. The unsettling silence of the normally bustling city made Steve's nerves fray. He keeps picking at a tear in his dirtied dreams.

There really is no one around.

He cannot care less at this point – tired and wrung as he is. Steve tilts his head up and stares at the sky, thoughts drifting to who he was, how he changed and what he became. He's glad for it. He is so thankful to Nancy for making him realise – not how much of an asshole he is. Ask Jonathan this, ask ANY of the brat pack this, and they'd tell you that Steve is still the King Asshole.

He is thankful for seeing how precious Jonathan truly was, despite his lonely and aloof demeanour.

Steve's thoughts are interrupted by a click in the distance. Another on the other side. One in front of it. Some above him. More to that side.

A thundering of footsteps echo from all angles of the street, a low rumble as the dust begins to pick up with the wind.

These clicks grow louder and louder, some sounding like a constant croaking sound from a dry and gargling human throat.

It doesn't sound right. Steve feels the hair on his arms raise and he sits straighter, pulling Jonathan tighter against his body. Right in front of him, he sees this humanoid form, mutated creature stampeding towards them.

There is something grey, tinted orange, much like fungus, sprouting from its head, its mouth the only rotten orifice left on the face. It is deformed, fragments of what appeared to be human bone make itself apparent, stuck to the clothing on the *thing*.

Steve is petrified.

He cannot move.

He cannot breathe.

He cannot take his eyes off.

He cannot hear.

But the sound is deafening.

And by God, he had Jonathan in his arms.

Over the shudder-inducing screeching and clicking, Steve barely registers the call of his name again. Jonathan's too. He twitches and glances down at Jonathan, who is now awake, staring equally frightened. Steve just realises that Jonathan had his fingers buried in the hem of Steve's shirt, shaking ever so slightly. He pulls the younger boy up and into his chest, eyes closed as he prepares for the worst.

Whatever it may be.

He feels the swipe of something in front of him, just before a sedating sense of calm engulfs him.

If this was death, he was fine with it.

1. A Return to Normalcy

The warmth remains and Steve keeps his eyes tightly shut. He finds it odd that no pain is felt from being trampled on by that monstrous crowd. It isn't until he hears the gruff call of his name by Hopper that his eyes open. Instantaneously.

Steve was seated in the Byer's house. On the floor. With Jonathan fucking Byers cuddled and straddling his lap.

Around him stood the brat pack sans El and Dustin.

With his hands still clutching onto Jonathan, he cranes his neck backwards, begging to catch sight of his other kids. Sue him, they were his as much as they were their own and their parents. Most of the time, he, Jonathan and Nancy babied these dipshits and dragged their sorry asses out of impending doom. He was their fucking dad.

On the couch is El, sleeping soundly, no doubt exhausted from whatever thing she did to get both him and Jonathan back to Hawkins. Seated beside her with a large blanket wrapped around him

is Dustin. As much as Steve wants to throttle the boy and shake him silly, he notices the haunted look in his eyes, watches it fade when Dustin realises that Steve is right there – back with them.

This is all interrupted by the muffled complaints from Jonathan, still tucked tightly against Steve.

Weak hand push at his chest and Steve relents, soft laugh slipping from his lips. He cannot help himself, weary from the day's troubles and emotionally messed up from the recent rollercoaster. Steve leans up and leaves a soft peck on Jonathan's lips.

He doesn't realise he has done this until there is a bark of laughter from Hopper and a cry of 'Finally' from the kids.

Steve turns to look at Jonathan again, sense of worry building – only to be shoved so far away and replaced with joy and Steve Harrington's brand of cockiness at the sight of the red blush powdered on Jonathan's cheeks, sprinkled all the way down his neck.

Finally.

Author's Note:

Unbetaed. I will come back to edit ALL of these fics
ONCE the week is over.

Feel free to comment and criticise to your heart's
content though.

Hope you guys enjoyed it!